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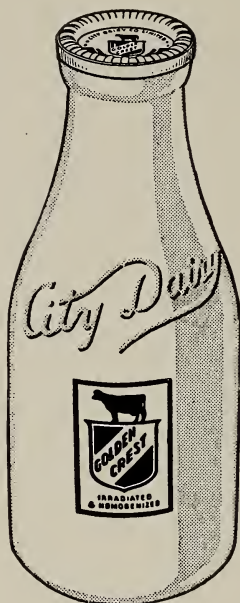


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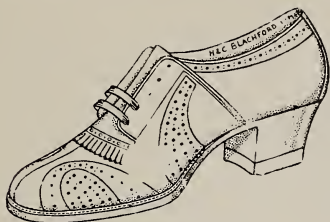
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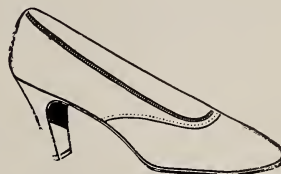


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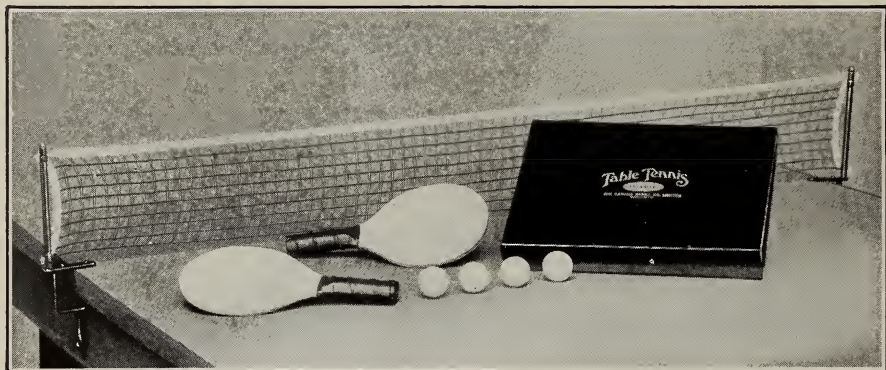
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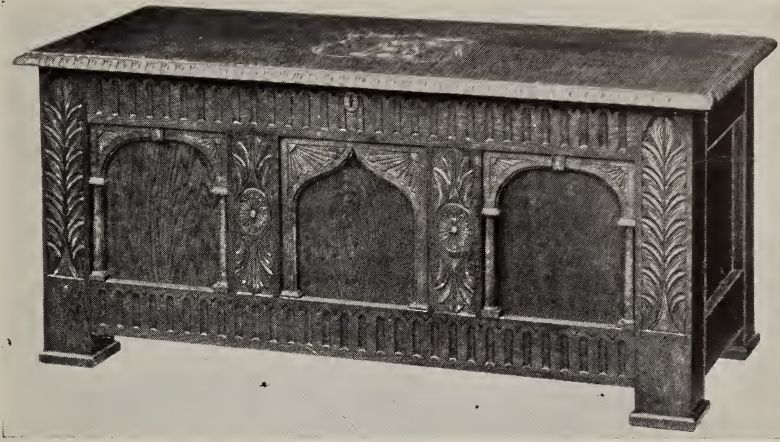


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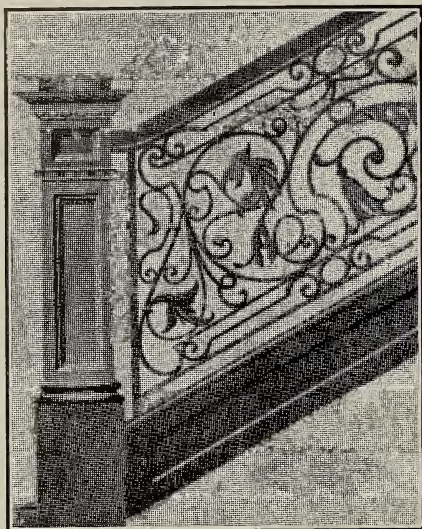
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# EDITORIAL



*"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways"*

Since these words were written numerous changes have altered drastically the order of human life. Invariably there must be changes; some for the better, others for the worse. Within our own short experience momentous events have taken place which even those who have the clearest insight into world affairs are unable to comprehend. At present mankind is living in fear, dictators are ruling with a stern and harsh hand. People are persecuted for their religion; the right of free speech is no longer universal. Old democracies have fallen and many "isms" are swaying the world.

Yet, in spite of changes in the social order, we fortunate people who live within the British Empire have many blessings for which to be thankful. This year, the sovereigns of one of the few remaining democratic countries, our gracious King George VI and Queen Elizabeth are making an historic visit to the "New World". In commemoration of this event on May 11th, while their Majesties were crossing the Atlantic, Canada-bound, the pupils of Branksome Hall planted two beautiful spruce trees in front of the school. As these trees grow and flourish so we hope may grow within the hearts of all Branksome girls the spirit of loyalty and good-will. Although affairs are at a dangerous crisis and threats of war terrify and sadden many hearts, now as in the past, we must faithfully continue to believe that in the end the "earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea".

In connection with our school routine this year at Branksome several changes have been made. Among these a new time-table has been adopted in order to give the girls the necessary additional time for work without interfering with their sports' programme. Another change planned for

next year is that Branksome girls will wear a new uniform; consisting of tartan skirts, beige shirts and stockings. Thus the Scottish tradition of the school will be maintained materially as well as spiritually. On the closing day of this school year, which has brought so many changes both in the world and in the school, the beauty of the closing garden party will be much enhanced by the fact that the graduating class will wear on this occasion, for the first time, long white graduation dresses in place of the usual school middies and white skirts. It seems specially appropriate to distinguish in this way the girls who are leaving school after a period of study and preparation, to enter upon another stage of life.

The changes and opportunities that the future will bring for each and all of us, no one can foretell, but we feel sure that the good that we have received during our time at Branksome, and the pleasant memories of the happy days we have spent there will always stand us in good stead and will be an incentive to us to continue amid whatever fortunes may be ours to follow our school motto, "Keep well the Road", a motto which we hope will long serve to be a guide and inspiration to us and to the future generations of Branksome.

JOY MACKINNON (Clan Campbell).

## Ode To British History

Henry I was a knowing old soul  
But the loss of his son his own  
death-knell did toll;

Henry II had a masterful reign  
But I hope we won't hear of his  
tactics again!

Henry III surrounded by French-  
men—

What could you expect with such  
chattering henchmen?

Henry IV an usurper bold  
Killed Richard II then died of a  
cold;

Henry V many battles did brave  
But all "paths of glory lead but to  
the grave."

Henry VI of sorrowful mein  
Who 'tween White Rose and Red  
Rose could not intervene;

Henry VII a crafty old miser  
Whose fines left his barons both  
sadder and wiser;

Henry VIII was a scheming old bird  
Of whose six merry wives no doubt  
you have heard.

Now of these men whose doings  
historians thunder

Do you really think they are worth  
it?—I wonder.

PATRICIA HEIGHINGTON

(Form I A).



## Ski Heil!

The call of the wild! The lure of the north lands! The appeal of snow-glazed peaks gleaming in the sun light!—contrary to all adverse opinions, this is not an extract from Jasper's advertising data, or even information concerning Banff—the winter playground of the West, but rather, a play-by-play or should I say, fall-by-fall, description of that annual extravaganza, The Huntsville Week-end!



After carrying precariously crossed skis and bulging suitcases onto the train at the Union Station, Friday evening, the aspiring skiers sought diversion in the form of barn dancing in the baggage car, to while away the minutes on the four-hour trip to the Mecca of Winter Sport Lovers.

Once arrived, tumbling figures trailing mitts, scarves, and ski poles, swept from the cars and from there it was anyone's race, to see who would cover the distance from the station to Traveller's Rest in the shortest time and thus obtain the coveted chamber known to all as the "Bridal Suite". No one has ever succeeded in probing the mysterious appeal of this room, but besides other attractions, it undoubtedly possesses two radiators in excellent working order!

The sheen of sunlight on freshly fallen snow, the tantalizing aroma of sizzling bacon, and the sounds of running water and musical accompaniment (slightly off key), greeted our awakening Saturday morning. By eleven o'clock, with the aid of free advice and unlimited assistance on the part of the ever-present guides, with wax and a few extra ski straps thrown in for good measure, everyone was strapped, buckled, or snapped into their sliding sticks. From the Rest, the would-be snow-birds descended the first of the slopes surrounding the trails through Memorial Park for a morning of much desired practice.

These slopes proved an excellent lead-up for Steven's Fields, which we conquered in the afternoon. Here, some learned the truth of the Red Man's version of the famous sport, "Swish,—and then walk a mile." But occasionally, stemming between sprawled figures and tangled skis of hapless experimenters, a flying figure would flash from the summit. The descent was a poem of soaring grace punctuated by swinging christys and terminated by a graceful telemark, who can it be? (Name and other data concerning this wonder woman supplied upon request).

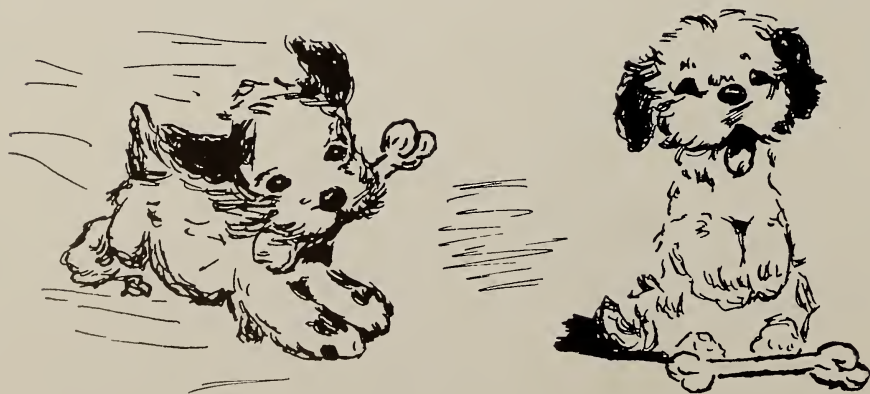
That evening, fun and frolic held sway at the Town Hall. The orchestra jived and Branksome shagged.

Even nocturnal festivities, however, didn't keep us from the trails and chalet of the Huntsville Ski Club. The downhill run provided thrills, spills and plenty of amusement. An optimistic "Track" from the summit, a rush of wind, a skid of skis, a soar, a swoop, and alas—a froth of snow and the gleam of inverted ski poles! The grimly determined athlete then mounts once more, loath to admit that it's "Snow use."

During the course of the turkey dinner which awaited our return to the "Rest", some of these unfortunates were seen lowering themselves gently into chairs upon which reposed plump cushions; but even this slight indisposition did not curtail their evident enjoyment of the excellent meal.

In everyone's opinion the week-end was rated an all-star success. Even now, in anticipation of next year's trip, some of the more progressive students are labouring over ingenious devices and inventions. Padded ski suits, non-skid skis, and folding pocket-sized ski poles will, they believe, revolutionize the sport and may heighten the already well established success of the Huntsville Week-end!

SHIRLEY JACKSON, Form IV A.





## It's Life I Guess

The clock on Radio City was ringing out eleven-thirty as I trudged wearily up Sixth Avenue. Another day was coming to its close and still the employment agencies had no work for me—it had been two weeks now since I had been discharged from the Manhattan Transportation Company, and still no work—just why they happened to start tearing down the “El’s” at this time, turning thousands onto the streets to starve to death, I couldn’t figure out. I loved working on that “El”. My little dark room where I’d controlled the train as it whizzed down the tracks taking people to their destinations, all this had been my sanctuary. I’d felt I had a great responsibility with all those lives on my train—regardless of Joe supplying the power. But now all these memories only choked up my throat and made hot tears rush to my eyes. And so I passed it off as fate. “There ain’t any justice,” I mumbled as I pushed through the crowds of my equals—tramps they call us! But what else can we be—no jobs, no money, no food—why only yesterday Pete’s daughter—she was a pretty young girl if I ever saw one, of course she didn’t have swell clothes and all, but she was a handsome girl in a pure, clean way. And she had jumped off the ferry going over to Jersey City and drowned herself ’cause she didn’t have the courage to go on existing in such a cruel world. Pete was broken up about it, too—he was a good sort, haven’t seen him around to-day—guess he feels it too much!

I couldn’t stand the horrible gnawing in my stomach any longer—my back ached, my shoulders ached, every inch of my body seemed to be screaming in my ears. “Give me something to eat, a place to rest—some, if only a little, comfort!” And so I started begging—begging right there on the corner of 44th and 6th Avenue. “Please buddy, give me a dime for a cup of coffee.” But no! Those hard set jaws and steel eyes just looked right through me, completely ignoring my cries—or some, a little more polite would shake their head saying, “sorry, I haven’t any change,” and walk on. These men you easily see didn’t have much trouble, good job, steady money, why should they stop to give me some of their money? And as I was falling back into the thought of injustice again, a young girl stopped and gave me a quarter! I had only a quick glimpse of her but I saw her blue pitying eyes—she didn’t look as though she had much to spare, but she had given me real money—money that she had worked for!

I rushed across the street where the big sign of the automat was, and entered. It was warm here—warm and light, quite a few people too! I walked over to the desk and got my precious quarter changed into nickels—it looked like a lot of money when you had five silver pieces instead of one. But soon I had put one of the pieces in the slot and hot,

steaming coffee was pouring into my thick china cup. I found a chair and table in a corner where people wouldn't be apt to look at my shabby clothes and torn boots—silly for a man like me to have any pride isn't it? I felt the hot liquid seeping down my throat and it seemed to bring me new hope, new life with every sip. "Take it slowly there—got to make it last!" Oh those sandwiches look good, and look at that man at the next table shoveling in those baked beans—I could buy those! But no, I can't, I mustn't, why I've got tomorrow to think of—and the day after! No, I must save my silver nickels. It gave me rather a sense of superiority to sit there, knowing I could buy food, but denying myself, not being weak and giving into my wants like those other people. All too soon my cup was dry except for the moist sugar at the bottom, and my finger soon removed that! The friendly warmth and light of this place made me realize how tired I was and how I longed for a home. Now take that man over there—I bet he's got a wife and kids, sure he has, look! He's putting some of his sandwich in a napkin to take home to them.

Well, I'd better go, where? Oh, Central Park, I guess!

VIRGINIA EDWARDS, Form V S

### DEEP SEA FISHING

This summer I had an interesting experience which few of us from the inland provinces may enjoy. I went deep-sea fishing.

We would rise about six o'clock in the morning and provided that the seas were not too heavy, would set out in our boat for the open sea.

It took about three or four hours to find a suitable fishing ground, usually about twenty-five miles from shore, out in the open sea. The bottom would be sounded by dragging a line along the floor between one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet down.

When the spot was found, we would put on heavy rubber overalls, rubber coats, rubber hats, and coarse gloves, bait our huge hooks with whole herrings, and lower our thick copper lines, dragged down by huge weights, to within six feet of the bottom.

As soon as we felt a nibble, we would jerk our line and pull very hard. After the line is about twenty-five feet from the bottom, the fish can no longer be felt until it is almost at the surface of the water.

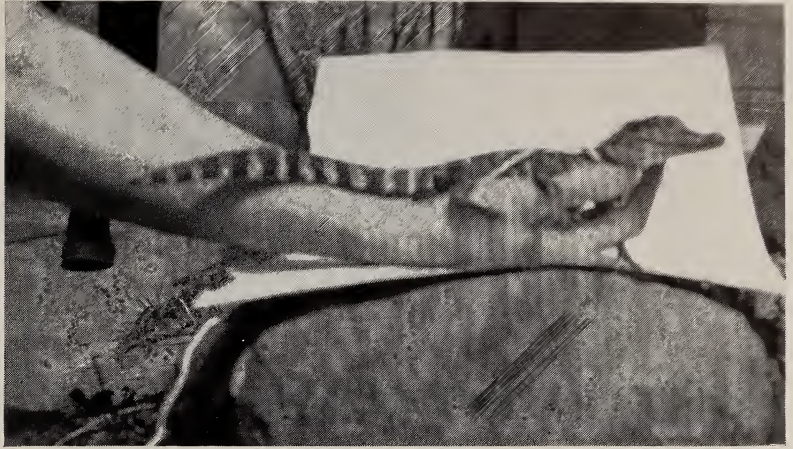
There is no greater pleasure than to see a shining fish come up through the water after a long and tedious pull.

The prize catch that we had this summer was a fifteen pound halibut. This was not because of its size but because it is a fish that many fishermen have never caught on a line in their lives. Besides this we caught haddock, cod, pollock, and many other varieties.

With a catch of about twenty-five or thirty fish, all at least two and a half feet long, we would return home tired and hungry at about seven o'clock.

JOY FERGUSON  
(Form IVA).

## "Soup's On"



It is always amazing to me, to see how many sadists there are gathered right here in the familiar precincts of good old B.H. Their ranks are swelled by nearly all of our illustrious V form on the occasion of their mascot's weekly repast. If, by any happy chance, the curiosity of some of you beloved readers has been aroused, I will take this opportunity to explain.

Our mascot is one, Aggie, an alligator of no mean repute. Aggie is not beautiful, nor yet is she even attractive. I think I might even go so far as to say (with humblest apologies to Hoyle, her one true love) that Aggie is undeniably ugly. At best then, our Aggie is not an animal capable of arousing a passionate love in the hearts of any of us, but, since she represents \$2.50 in cold cash, we tolerate her. Not willingly mind you, but we *do* tolerate her.

Aggie, unfortunately seems to be allergic to raw mince meat (can you blame her?) which should constitute the diet of any normal alligator worthy of the name, and so

about once a week some one must needs trip down-town and return with 10c worth of live minnows to tickle Aggie's palate.

She is then turned loose in her tub and with a loud cry of "Gather round folks" the zoology class stands waiting with bated breath while the unsuspecting representatives of the fish family are thrown in to meet a somewhat gruesome end. Aggie then swims leisurely around sorting out those of the largest size.

The person who originated the saying "here today and gone to lunch" probably had just such a situation in mind. Nothing would more aptly describe the little fishes' disappearance into Aggie's cavernous mouth. Though we of the Zoo. class do not actually enjoy watching this, the power of this gripping drama seems to hypnotize us and we stand motionless while the minnows disappear one by one.

My only hope is, that the belief in reincarnation is false.

(Signed) An unwilling eyewitness,  
JOYCE BERTRAM, Form V.



## Scottish Tradition

Never before has Branksome Hall had more cause to be conscious of her Scottish traditions and to feel justly proud of her heritage than in May of this year. It is, of course, the coming of our King and Queen that inspires us to think of these traditions at this time.

Queen Elizabeth of England, although born at St. Paul's, Waldenbury, her father's Hertfordshire seat, spent most of her childhood at Glamis Castle in Scotland. It was in this historic castle that the little princess, Margaret Rose, was born in 1930, to the delight of all Scotland.

Glamis has the reputation of being one of the oldest and most romantic castles in Scotland, dating back to the tenth century and contains dungeons, secret stairways and haunted chambers. It also boasts many very interesting relics, among which is "Bonnie Prince Charlie's watch" and a bed "whereon Sir Walter Scott lay beneath his tartan seeing ghosts!"

Turning to another historical spot, Edinburgh Castle, we recall that, looking down from the ramparts, one sees Princes' Street and the famous Scott monument dedicated to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. It is Scott's writing which has preserved such vivid records of Scottish history and tradition.

I wonder how many Branksomites know how Branksome Hall in Scotland was immortalized in Scott's great work, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"? He tells us how

"Nine and twenty knights of fame

Hung their shields in Branksome Hall",

and that the gathering cry of the Scott clan was "Mount for Branksome".

Branksome lies upon the Teviot River about three miles above Hawick, and was the castle of the Scott family. As we all know, our own Branksome Hall was founded by a cousin of Sir Walter Scott and is, therefore, likewise steeped in these traditions. So that is how our school came to be known as Branksome Hall, and is also the main reason why we persist in preserving our famous clan system and are so proud of our clan standards and wall-boards.

Thus, in greeting our King and Queen on Canadian soil, we of Branksome will be proud to feel that link of Scottish tradition with our Queen as well as upholding the British traditions of our beloved King.

MARY E. PERCY, Form IV L.







*HEAD GIRL*  
*Joan Mitchell*



*FANCY SKATING ENTHUSIASTS*  
*Shirley Halstead, Mary Holme, Joyce Phillips, Jane Egbert, Lucille Dixon*

### SINGING WOOD

There is an interesting story told about Jacob Stainer, a famous violin-maker of the Tyrol and how he chose "musical wood" for his violins.

We are all familiar with some of the little figures carved by the people living in the Swiss Alps and the Tyrol, and have noted the great care taken by these craftsmen, especially in intricate detail and facial expression. The Swiss are very fond of music-boxes; Stainer, however, did not depend on mechanical music but claimed that there was actually "singing wood." In a little book entitled, "Pillars of Gold", the author tells how Stainer wandered in the forests striking the tree-trunks to hear their tone and listening carefully as the logs went down the lumber slide, choosing those which gave forth singing notes as they knocked against any obstacle. After selecting what he considered the most musical logs he spent hours of patient labour, carving his violins with delicate workmanship. He would never let them leave his hands until they gave forth tones which satisfied the keen sense of perfection demanded by all Tyrolean wood-carvers. Stainer made many violins, but every single one had this famous "singing wood" quality and excellent tone, because of his exacting standards.

MARY E. PERCY  
(Form IV L).

Raphael has been the only man known to be able to draw a perfect circle free hand.

### A BOARDER'S DREAM

There was a light rap on the door and then the maid entered. She shut our window and putting on the light said cheerily;

"Good morning, Miss Helen, Miss Margaret. It's quite a bright morning for a change, even a little warmer. There's your breakfast."

My room-mate sat up, rubbed her eyes and grunted, "Thanks," while I turned over wearily and put on the radio before sitting up to receive my tray. Lovely fresh orange juice, crisp buttered toast, strawberry jam, and a pot of steaming coffee was the morning menu.

"Oh, thank you, June," I muttered, while in the midst of a yawn. "Marg can you get anything on this radio—I never can."

We ate our breakfast to "Deep Purple" and "Deep in a Dream". The music continued softly while I lay cuddling my teddy and saying I had actually done all my home work for that day, and what a grand feeling it was.

"Helen, it's a quarter to nine, perhaps you had better get up," said my room-mate. In a minute or two upper skittle was filled with its usual peals of laughter, but strangely no shouts of lost garments. So I pulled myself from the blankets, jumped into my uniform, and ran the comb through my hair just in time to be rudely awakened by that everlasting bell—it was just seven-fifteen!

PHYLLIS MILLEN  
(Form V).



## The Audiophier

In the spring of 1939, Professor Pompejus Metterklume completed his greatest invention, the Audiophier. The Audiophier at first sight resembles a small black box which can easily be carried in a pocket. When, by means of a battery, an electrical current is applied, the Audiophier enables the carrier to hear the slightest sound within a radius of twenty-five square feet.

The professor was greatly pleased with his new invention and resolved to spend one complete day with it in his pocket. He decided that he would spend that day at the World's Fair, and see if the audiophier worked as he hoped that it would.

On the morning of the experiment the Professor rose early and after a scanty breakfast set out for the Fair. His excitement grew while he was on the bus, for to his delight he could hear the conversation of two women several rows in front of him. To be sure they were only discussing the neighborhood gossip, and the Professor was not interested in either Mrs. Jones' dirty dishcloths or Mrs. Johnson's new spring suit, but still he had at least proved that his invention was practical.

At the Fair, Professor Metterklume soon learnt how very useful the Audiophier could be, for he heard two men behind him deciding how they would pick his pockets. At once the Professor put his own hands in his trouser pockets and thus was able to save their contents, which consisted only of fifty-two cents in small change, a piece of string, five matches and a packet of chewing gum. Unfortunately he did not notice that the thieves had removed his wallet from his coat pocket.

While looking at various inventions, the Professor found still another use of the Audiophier. He saw two other inventors approaching him and distinctly heard Dr. Schwizenhoff say to Professor Hoffenzwisch, "Oh! There's old Metterklume, the old ass, I suppose we have to speak to the bore, bother him!" But when they met, Dr. Schwizenhoff greeted him, "My dear Pompejus, I am so glad to see you again. We have not met for years. Do come and have lunch with Hoffenzwisch and me." The Professor could hardly refrain from telling them about his wonderful Audiophier, but he left them as soon as possible without mentioning it.

After a very meagre lunch, for he had discovered his loss, the Professor began his greatest adventure. It was while he was examining some excellent examples of quartz and not paying any attention to the conversations about him, that suddenly he heard a voice say in guttural accents, "bomb". Instantly he became attentive and glancing over his shoulder saw two men conversing together in low tones. Although one was tall and thin and the other short and fat, they both wore dark overcoats, and fedoras pulled down over their eyes. Their conversation was confined to the details of placing a bomb in one of the buildings where a very famous senator was to speak. They spoke with such a strange

accent that the Professor had difficulty understanding them, but as soon as they moved on he hastened to tell the proper officials to stop the outrage.

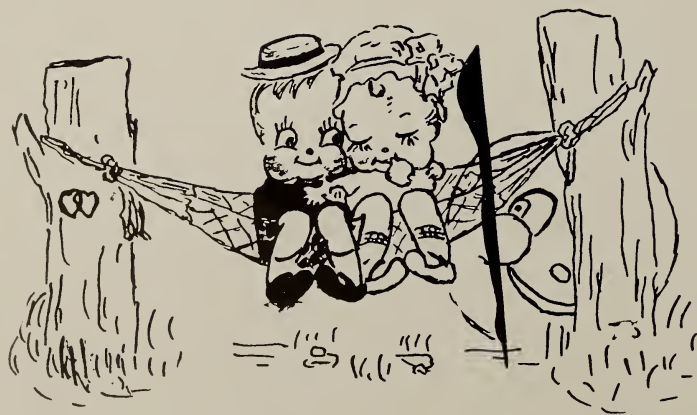
The surprised officials not unnaturally refused to believe the strange story told by a funny little old man dressed in a rusty black suit stained with egg and spinach. They thought that he had a touch of the sun and had him placed in the psychiatric ward of the hospital. There the poor Professor remained until four o'clock, at which time there was a loud explosion. The bomb was a complete success—the building and the senator were both completely demolished.

Then came the police. Professor Metterklume was removed to the nearest police station, where he was questioned for the next hour. At the end of that time he was taken back to the Fair to try to identify the two men. Every man, who was at the Fair, was lined up and the Professor was marched down the line. At the end of the second hour, the Professor had to be put in a wheel-chair but still the line stretched on.

Suddenly about eleven o'clock the Professor gave a shout and pointed out the two men. "They are the guilty ones," he screamed, and at his words the men drew their revolvers. One fired point blank at poor Professor Metterklume. He clutched his stomach and feebly twitched his legs but gradually lost consciousness, and was taken to a hospital.

When the Professor came to, he learnt to his dismay that his Audiophier had been irreparably damaged by the bullet, but had saved his life. He was still bemoaning his loss when a police sergeant entered and told him that the men, who had been captured, were wanted by the police and the Professor would receive a reward of ten thousand dollars. Professor Metterklume was able to retire, and although he never made another Audiophier he is now quite happy growing giant tomatoes in the country.

PENELOPE WALDIE, Form IV A.





# In Praha During the Sokol Festival



Praha, Czechoslovakia, is very picturesque at any time but on the occasion of the Sokol Festival the crowds with their bright native costumes make the city appear very quaint.

The second day after our arrival we were off to the mountain at the top of which was situated the large arena in which the demonstration was held.

Just as we arrived, it began to rain, but, luckily, we were in the grandstand and were as comfortable as could be expected. During the entire afternoon there was a steady downpour; but, nevertheless, the performance went on and it was amazing to see the number of spectators who remained standing in the rain during the whole afternoon.

It was the most fascinating performance I ever expect to see; hundreds of performers were on the field at the same time; to be exact, there were 16,000 men and women, boys and girls.

Toward the end of the afternoon, the boys and girls were performing in puddles of water, and slipping in the mud. Although this was a great disadvantage there were few slips.

The Czechoslovakian people were not the only participants. Britain the United States, and many other countries were represented.

The evening performance was cancelled because the rain had ruined the lighting system. This was a great disappointment to us all. It was to have consisted of feats upon the parallel bar, the high bar, the elephant, and other such types of gymnastics.

Another event during our stay at Praha was the great parade. To see this, we rose at six o'clock in the morning and walked through the streets to our seats. We arrived at our destination about seven forty-five, and waited until nine for something to happen. It took four hours for the parade to pass. It was a magnificent spectacle in which all the countries

that were participating in the gymnastics were represented. We had been asked to take part in the parade but thought that standing in line for a number of hours and then walking for four hours would be a little tiring, and so declined.

The following morning we again rose early but this time we were leaving Czechoslovakia for Germany.

DIANA HAWKINS (Form V).



### STARS

What are those twinkling lights on  
high,  
Which shine o'er earth from a mid-  
night sky,  
And make the weary traveller sigh  
For home, his home, his native  
home?

I think each angel has a ray,  
Which at the close of every day,  
She leaves upon the Milky Way  
To light the paths of those who  
roam.

PATRICIA HEIGHINGTON  
(Form IA).

### A DREAM WORLD

As I lay dreaming 'neath the sky,  
Beside a streamlet trickling by,  
I saw a life with troubles none  
With happiness beneath the sun,  
Where everything would turn out  
right,  
Where hate and fear would ban-  
ished be,  
No tyrants rule with cruelty.  
I wondered if there e'er could be  
To this dream world an entrance  
key.

JOY MACKINNON  
(Form V)

## A Visit to Mount Vernon

Washington is a lovely place in the spring, before the summer heat has commenced and while the flowers and trees are bursting forth in their first freshness. To visit Washington, with its fine buildings, both old and new, its White House and embassies, its Japanese cherry trees and huge magnolias, is both interesting and worth while; but to visit this city, without going fifteen miles south to Mount Vernon, is to miss the loveliest bit of historical interest that this part of the country has to offer.

Mount Vernon, once the home and estate of George Washington, is situated in Fairfax County, Virginia, on the right bank of the Potomac River. The mansion was built in 1743 by Washington's older brother, Lawrence, and was named after Admiral Vernon, of the British Navy. After Lawrence's death, Washington fell heir to the estate and, having no children, bequeathed Mount Vernon to Bushrod Washington, who, in turn, left it to his nephew, from whom it was purchased in 1858 by the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, and it is carefully maintained for its historic interest. Washington's tomb is on the estate, a few hundred yards from the house.

No cars are allowed in the grounds, and so we parked at the bottom of a hill and walked up the gradual ascent to the house. The mansion faces the Potomac River. It is not huge or particularly impressive; simply a wide, white, three-storied, frame house, with green shutters and a red roof. On either side colonnades extend to the office and kitchen wings. Along the east front runs a wide veranda, its columns rising from the floor to the roof, and, from here, there is a beautiful view of the river. Land visitors enter the house by the west front, which looks out over a deep lawn, flanked by a circular driveway.

Both the east and west fronts of the house have three doorways, and we entered by the middle west door, to find ourselves in a broad hall which runs through the building to the veranda. Here hangs the old hall lantern that was presented to George Washington's brother, Lawrence, by Admiral Vernon. On all sides are lovely pieces of old furniture, quaint ornaments, numerous busts of Washington, and many beautiful clocks. That the General was wealthy is apparent in the furnishings of the mansion. His marriage to Martha Custis, in 1758, brought an increase of one hundred thousand dollars to his estate, and, it was a well known fact, that he refused any salary, either as General or President.

Martha Washington must have had much to say concerning the fittings of her home at Mount Vernon, for the furnishings are, for the most part, very feminine; lovely pastel shades, such as pale green, violet and yellow, predominate. Much of the furniture on the ground floor is exceedingly fragile, although we noticed several huge wing chairs which,

probably, were used by the General himself, for he was a large man—in height, six feet three inches, and weighing two hundred and twenty pounds.

North of the house are the gardens, the spinning house, and the carpenter shop. These, and various other buildings, showed us that Mount Vernon, like other southern estates of Washington's time, was self-sustaining.

In my opinion, the most interesting building is that devoted to the display of George and Martha Washington's personal belongings. Here are several of the General's uniforms, the family silver and many pieces of quaint china and crockery. Here are exhibited letters written by Washington to friends and members of his staff and there are letters of Mrs. Washington's and also recipes copied by her; one cake recipe, I remember, called for two pounds of castor sugar and fourteen eggs.

To examine such rare old relics takes time, and one might make several trips to Mount Vernon and still find something new to hold one's interest. Each year, thousands of people visit this historic spot, and, while to loyal Canadians it cannot have the same appeal it has for Americans, nevertheless, it is a place of great charm, for the personalities of its former owners, their tastes, their ambitions, their faults and their virtues, are all revealed in the house and its surroundings.

PEGGY PURVIS, Form III A.

### A PICTURE NO ARTIST CAN PAINT

Picture a gloomy Branksome Hall  
crowd,

Picture Fifth Form not laughing  
out loud,

Picture the Clans all wearing kilts

Picture Helen Franks standing on  
stilts

Picture Mary Gall with clothes that  
are quaint

That's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Lizzie with a question that's  
new,

Picture an ice figure Joyce cannot  
do

Picture Pat Whittall with a look  
that's glum

Picture Kay Shirriff with a stock-  
ing that's run

Picture Jane Ross as teacher's little  
saint

That's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Gladys Baalim with a trig  
problem unsolved

Picture Joy Mackinnon where the  
Slogan isn't involved

Picture Athol Hughes not opening  
the windows

Picture Diana Hawkins not collect-  
ing for the Hindus

Picture French Comp. class without  
a complaint

That's a picture no artist can paint.

MARY HOLME,  
(Form V).



## The Snake Farm at Sao Paulo, Brazil

In the fall of 1937, my parents took me to the Argentine. On the way down we stopped at several places, one of them Santos, the sea port for the City of Sao Paulo in Brazil.

The day we arrived at Santos happened to be a particularly nice day, although quite hot. We hired the only English-speaking guide in Santos and started out.

When we reached Sao Paulo we drove around and looked at the shops and the flower market and then decided we would go to the snake farm, where they extract the poison from the snake and experiment in trying to find an antidote for it.

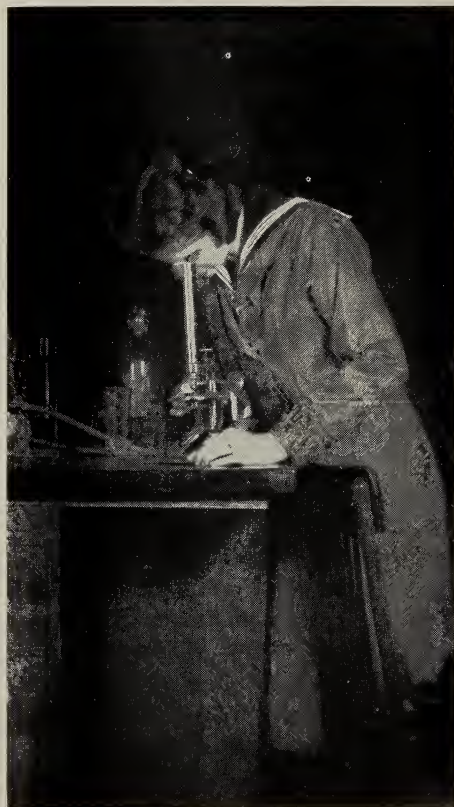
We were very much disappointed to find the buildings closed when we arrived but we were allowed to see the snakes in a pit outside. The pit was in the shape of an oval and was divided into three parts. In each of these parts were several snake houses which looked like igloos and had a little hole in the side by the ground for the snakes to get in and out. Both the pit and the snake huts were painted white.

Beside the snake pit was a little house with glass windows around the side. Through these windows you could see different kinds of small, poisonous snakes in boxes. Most of them were very beautiful to look at, but deadly poisonous.

There was a large pile of boxes just near the edge of one of one of the end pits. Two men dressed in white coats and high boots were standing beside the boxes. One of these men had a stick about four feet long with a little metal hook on the end. The other man picked up the top box and turned it upside down. The top was on hinges and not fastened, so it flew open and out dropped two snakes. The man with the stick hooked it under one of the snakes and picked it up and dropped it on a tin chute which had been placed there previously. The snake slid down the chute into the pit. The other snake soon followed it in the same manner. This went on for quite a time and a small crowd had collected about the men.

We were interested to learn later on that the natives find the snakes and the railroads ship them free of charge. They do not feed the snakes because they are afraid the food they give them might affect their poison in some way.

After we left the snake farm we drove back to Sao Paulo. Thinking it over I came to the conclusion that we had had a very good time visiting the snake farm.



*Here and There*

## Beta Kappa

Arrangements for several of the school's delightful social functions are under the management of the Beta Kappa Society. Our decorations make an occasion what it should be (we fervently hope), and our novelties add a spiceful zest to any party.

This is not a campaign for funds, or an advertising stunt, but merely a humble effort to show you, that idleness is not one of our vices.

For the Masquerade held on October 28th, the gymnasium was aglow with the spirit of Hallowe'en, and the school was fairly haunted.

The long-anticipated School Dance took place on the 3rd of February. It was really thrilling to see the blinds shining with silver and red cut-outs of famous orchestra leaders, and the halls filled with joyous escorts.

We have yet to look forward to preparations for the newly-instituted Graduation Dance, when the B.K. will once more try to make your life a little happier.

Three cheers until next year!

JOYCE CAUDWELL (Clan Campbell).

## Opheleo

Once again the Opheleo Society is able to report a very successful year. Because of the house girls eating plainer food, we saved \$40.00 which was added to the collection and donations of "Ramabai Week" and were able to send \$200 in all to the Ramabai mission for the support of child widows of India.

This year we received the largest amount we have ever received for Christmas collections, and were able to supply seventeen needy families with Christmas dinner, clothes, toys, and bedding.

Our annual collection of \$100 was sent to support Avanteka our orphan, and Rhadia Gwikwad, a teacher. Besides this, \$50 went to support the Branksome Hall bed at Ludiana hospital.

During the Lenten season we collected \$50 for the Jewish refugees in Germany.

A total of \$14.15 remains from the Lenten collection. This will be added to the fund for the summer fresh air camps. The total collection from Easter 1938 to Easter 1939 amounts to \$535.19.

GLADYS BAALIM (Clan McLean).



### A DESERTED HOUSE

As I stepped out of the old farm cart, the only means of transportation in this little out of the way district, and turned towards the house that was to be my home from then on, a sudden strange feeling akin to dismay overwhelmed me at the sight which met my eyes. Surely this dilapidated old house, surrounded by a riot of weeds and presenting an aspect of absolute degradation and decay could not be the comfortable, well-built farmhouse left to me by my grandfather's will and destined to be my future home.

I walked slowly towards the gate which had once been an artistic example of Colonial craftsmanship but which now swung idly by one hinge in the breeze; the fence, I noticed, was completely down in some spots, while the driveway was scarcely distinguishable from the field on either side so overgrown with grass had it become.

At last I stood before the house itself which did not lose any of its desolation on near approach but rather seemed to increase in dreariness. I could see, however, despite its present state, that it had once been a very quaint and picturesque old place with its low ivy-covered porch, dormer windows (almost all of which were broken now), and friendly Dutch door, the upper half of which stood open. The interior looked so dark and forbidding that I was not tempted to enter but rather turned towards the back of the house which I found in a better condition but possessing many of the faults which made the front so uninviting. The roof at one point

had disappeared leaving a gaping black hole around which luxuriant grass and all manner of mosses thrived peacefully in the fertile loam lodged in grooves and generously enriched with rotting shingles. The windows here were still intact though so densely covered with cobwebs and dust that it was impossible to see through them. It was with a sense of hopelessness that I was turning away when my eye caught a slight movement in the lilac bush by the door. Looking more closely I perceived a mother gold-finch feeding her family of five. These bright little winged creatures seemed to bring new life to the drab little house and to take away the grimness and gloom I had noticed at first.

With renewed hope I felt that the renovating of the place would not be so impossible after all, but might instead prove a source of pleasure and interest. Under constant care and attention it would perhaps regain some of its lost life and become again the happy home it had once been.

MONA KENNEDY

(Form V).





## TRANS-CANADA AIRWAYS

For two years men have been testing different types of aeroplanes and seeking the best and the safest routes across Canada. Suitable airports were built in different cities and towns and also emergency landings along the chosen paths. Each pilot must hold a public transport license, the highest available in Canada, and pass a physical examination every month. The twenty or so stewardesses are "the pick" of hundreds of applicants for the position of riding the skies as hostess to air passengers. They are all registered nurses and must fulfil certain requirements as to height, weight, age, personality and general health. When all this organization was completed the Trans-Canada Airways were ready to start flying to schedule.

At the Malton airport, sixteen miles outside of Toronto, the captain and first officer pick up the latest weather reports and make sure that the ship is in perfect condition. The stewardess checks off the passengers as they embark on their journey to Vancouver, and then the ship is ready to leave for North Bay. Here passengers and mail bound for the west are picked up from the Montreal aeroplane. When the ship reaches Winnipeg a new captain and co-pilot take over the controls. A short distance west of the city the third pilot or "Charlie McCarthy," takes control. This mechanical device is used by the officers as the course is perfectly straight over the prairies until Lethbridge is reached. Here the ship begins to climb to clear the

Rockies. The flight over the Rockies can be counted in minutes but it took the first white man months to cover the same distance. In a very short time the passengers in the silver bird of the air catch sight of the Pacific and the ship comes to rest at the Sea Island airport just outside of Vancouver.

BETTY URSEM

(Form IV A).

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## "I HAVE EYES"

One of our greener skiers seemed to think that because she came from the west, she knew all the rules of the game.

She found out a little differently, however, the night of our Moonlight Ski Tour. After coming down a very small hill, standing up all the way, she remained at the bottom for a few minutes to recover from the shock. Quite happy about the whole thing, she burst forth with the modern melody, "I Have Eyes to See With". A gruff masculine voice from the top of one of the many hills rudely interrupted her song by shouting, "Why don't you look around then?"

Quickly she looked around and ohhhhhhhh!!! what a let-down when she found herself standing at an intersection of four different trails, with angry gentlemen at the tops of each of them!

Although she still likes "I Have Eyes", you won't hear her singing it outside of her own room.

Believe me, it was an awful let-down. And I should know!

KAE ROWE

(Form III B).



## THE RETURN OF THE MIGHTY

Augustus was the finest cat  
That ever went to war.  
From shiny boots to cocky hat  
He hated blood and gore.

His motorcycle sped so fast  
His hat he left behind.  
His wonder plane all others passed,  
None other beat his kind.

Augustus' faith in men just went  
When he found out their aim,  
On frightened crowds their vengeance bent,  
To kill, and starve, and maim.

When homeward bound he once  
more turned  
To join his friends at rest,  
His lesson he had quickly learned,  
To stay at home was best.

DOROTHY HOYLE  
(Form V).

EXTRA

EXTRA

## ISKIBBIBLE

Volume I

Edition II

President—Dorothy Hoyle.  
Secretary—Mary R. Austin.  
Editor—Eleanor Reed.  
Assistant Editor—Helen Shearme.

We hear the teachers had a field day learning to stand on their camp chairs for the parade.—Happy Landings.

Good luck to the two girls who have gone into the massage and hair washing business.

Who was the lucky girl who got two corsages for the S.A.C. dance?

What junior girl was walking on air when the French mail came in???

What speeches were responded to before their time at the Alumnae dinner?—were their faces red.

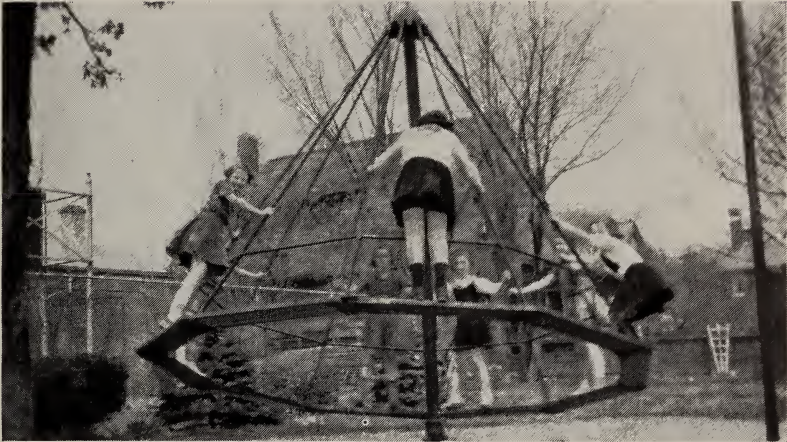
Who are the over-sized fairies glitting around in shorts come four-thirty?

Remember the moss-covered adage (reforestation begins at home).

What are the three necessary articles during exam week? two flashlights, one alarm clock.

The staff of "Iskibible" wishes everyone a happy future.

# JUNIORS



## Le Mouchoir

Since she was a very little girl, Marie Antoinette had known that some day she was to be Queen of France. She did not realize that to be queen she would have to leave her mother and her many sisters and brothers and go away from home.

Marie was born in Vienna on the second of November, 1755. Her mother was the Empress of Austria and she had brought Marie up very strictly telling her that "Queens do not do that sort of thing". Marie thought it was fun to say to her brothers and sisters, "Some day I am going to be Queen of France."

She had a very happy life while she was a child, but, when she was only fourteen, it was decided that she was old enough to go to France and marry the Dauphin, who was the grandson of King Louis XV. And so the grand Ambassadors came to take her to France.

Marie was very thrilled with all the excitement and big parties and lovely clothes. But one night at a large reception she suddenly realized that she was going away from her dear mother, whom she loved so much, and from her favourite brother, Joseph, and could play no more and have fun with her sisters. In spite of herself the tears rolled down her cheeks. She thought, "This will never do! I must not cry!" So she tore the lace off the fichu on her dress and carefully wiped her eyes. Then the question was what to do with it, so she held it between her fingers. The French Ambassador noticed it and thought, "How smart! The French people



don't even know about this new fashion!" Of course, he had to let them know at once, as the French people thought they were the most fashionable people in the world. By the time Marie arrived in France the ladies in the Court were all carrying little squares of lace.

French ladies at this time often wore beauty patches and used the pieces of lace to dab at them. This is why they are called "mouchoirs" (French for handkerchief). And thus handkerchiefs were invented.

BARBARA HARGRAFT, Sr. III.

### A WHITE RABBIT

A little white rabbit was hopping  
around,  
Up in the air and down on the  
ground,  
He jumped over hedges and paused  
on a rock,  
Then hippety, hoppety, hippety hop.

ANNE BURTON

(Jr. III).

### A LITTLE ELF

I know a little elf  
He is so very quick  
When I opened wide the door  
He slid along the floor.

He went in to the coal box  
And got so very black  
He jumped upon the table  
And left a dusty track.

JANE MILTON TAYLOR

(Jr. II).

### THOUGHTS

I sit beside the roadside far,  
And think of things that were and  
are,  
Of days that were of joy to me,  
That ne'er again will come to be.

VIRGINIA TORY

(Sr. III).

### THE BAND

"Be good, children, while I am  
away," said Mrs. Popp Rabbit as  
she picked up her basket and went  
to market.

As soon as she was out of sight,  
young Popp said, "What can we do  
to surprise Mother?" "I know,"  
cried Minty, "Mother likes music.  
Let us pretend to be a band. "Then  
I'll be conductor," said young Popp.  
"We must hunt about to see what  
we can play." In a short time the  
band was ready. They tried a few  
tunes and then put on their coloured  
hats.

When Mrs. Popp Rabbit was  
nearly home she heard the band  
coming to meet her. They were all  
playing different tunes. The neigh-  
bours, covering their ears, were  
going to send for a policeman at  
once. Mrs. Popp Rabbit hurried the  
band indoors and sent them to bed.

"I like music but you were a little  
out of tune," said Mother. And they  
never did it again.

ANNE LOUISE JAMES

(Junior III).

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

It was believed by the villagers that the old Smithers estate was haunted. Maybe it was—no one had any proof that it was or wasn't. Weird sounds came from it at night as if some person, in pain, was groaning. Some people said it was the wind but others said it was the "ghosts" that haunted it.

One day a proclamation from the mayor was posted on a great tree just inside the village gates. It read:

Anyone who will volunteer to go into the old mansion on the corner of Apple-Nut Street, and chase out the ghost, will receive one thousand, one hundred dollars and seven cents (the whole of the mayor's treasury).

Yours with love,

A. C. Nut (Mayor).

There was great excitement over this but no one volunteered to go into the old house except two young girls, and they were only laughed at. But they were determined to get the reward, for their father was an invalid and could not work. They were often half starved and no-one would help them, for all their neighbours were greedy. The two girls names were Mary and Betty.

The next night they stole out about midnight and made their way to the old house. They entered and were about to go upstairs when a weird sound was heard, then everything was quiet. They waited a long time but nothing happened. They started up the stairs again but then the weird sound broke out

again louder than before. They waited and as nothing happened they started up the stairs for the third time. There was the same horrible noise. They went up another stair and the sound stopped but Betty lost her balance and stepped on the lower step. Then came the sound again. But Mary had an idea. "It might", she said, "be that step creaking." They looked under the old moth-eaten rug and there was a little round disk, and when they pressed it, it made the weird sound.

Then, just as they were about to leave, it occurred to them that something or somebody must have stepped on the disk to make it sound, and then out of the shadows came a little, old man. He asked them, in a crackling voice, who they were, and why they had come to the old house. They answered that they were looking for the ghost. He laughed and said that he had made the house seem haunted because bad boys used to come in and steal his things. He said he lived in one little room at the back of the house.

The girls left the old house, and as it was nearly morning they went to the mayor's house and told him their story. He looked wistfully in his treasure house, but he had promised the reward and so he had to give it.

The two girls ran home with the reward while the mayor thought of raising the taxes.

Everyone was out in the streets making merry at the riddance of the "ghost". There was a big feast

at the mayor's house in honour of the two girls who had courage enough to go into the "haunted house".

AILEEN STINSON  
(Jr. IV).

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### PAPINEAU'S MANOR

Born in Montreal, in 1796 Papi-neau was the son of a notary who had become possessed of the old Seigneurie de la Petite Nation de la Paraisse de Bonsecours on the Ottawa River. This tract had been granted the Bishop Laval in the early days of settlement of Canada and by him named the "Seigniory of the Little Nation" after the Little Nation Indians of the Algonquin tribe who roamed the vicinity. The Bishop then gave it to one of the sisterhoods of the church and many years after it passed into the hands of the elder Papineau.

His son, Louis Joseph, was a greatly gifted young man, and even when a student at the Seminary at Quebec was conspicuous for eloquence. When only twenty-six he took his seat in the House of Assembly for Lower Canada, where for the next twenty-five years he was destined to play a notable part in Quebec history of the period and to loom large on the troubled horizon of politics in the rest of Canada. Three years after he entered the House he was elected Speaker and for the next twenty-two years, with but one brief interval, he continued in that position.

After the famous rebellion of 1837 he retired to the Seigniory of Montebello, where he settled down to the life of a country gentleman.

The beautiful old Manor House was built in 1850. The house is large and square and three storeys in height with dormer windows in the third; its squareness masked by turrets, chateau style, on the corners facing the Ottawa River. A stone tower, which Papineau built for the safety of his library, is at the right of the main entrance. A large central hall without a staircase divides the house in two, French doors opening at each end. In turrets, quaint, circular staircases lead to the second story. The Manor which was beautifully decorated and furnished in Empire style is now restored as nearly as possible to what it was in Papi-neau's lifetime.

Papineau, the picturesque, lives again in the glamour which lies about Montebello. Still the sun shines on the old Seigneurie, still the Ottawa glides past the lawns, still peacocks strut on the terrace as they did in the days when the stately, silver-haired seigneur moved about the pleasant rooms and lovely garden. An old world life, an old world charm distils its fragrance about this place, haunted by the remembrance of his flaming eloquence, intellectual gifts and commanding personality.

(Condensed from *The Seigneur* Winter 1937).

BEVERLEY BALFOUR  
(Jr. III).



## THE MAGIC PIPER

The Junior School gave the operetta, "The Magic Piper", on Tuesday afternoon, April 4th.

A large audience greatly appreciated the tuneful songs, the pretty dancing and the funny acting of the comics. The guests enjoyed also the delicious tea served after the operetta in the Common Room.

All the principal parts were well done, especially the Pied Piper, played by Ann Spence, and the Mayor, played by Marilyn Hogarth.

Hans, Joan Chalmers, and Peter, Marjory Rogers, made love to Katrina, Joyce Frankel, most convincingly. Helen German, as the Town Crier, made everyone laugh with her "portant news." Fido, June Clemes, was also very funny as she kept chasing the rats from Frieda's baby. Frieda, played by Betsy Green was also very good.

Special mention should be made of Mrs. Steele's little ones who, as rats, made a great hit. Brenda Colling did wonderful somersaults as the clown rat.

BARBARA HARGRAFT  
(Sr. III).



## IN JAPAN

In Japan the people sit  
Upon the floor for tea,  
They always eat a goodly bit  
They're hungry, don't you see.

They like to eat a little rice  
They think it is so very nice.  
They're very clever with their  
hands,

They make such dainty little fans.

JANE ROGERS  
(Jr. II).



## A VISIT TO THE ZOO

Last Friday I went to the zoo,  
I saw lions and elephants too,  
An eagle and owl  
And all kinds of fowl  
And even a kangaroo.

GLORIA LYONS  
(Jr. III).

## Prefects

Eleven years have passed since our headgirl, Joan Mitchell, entered the halls of Branksome. Throughout these years she has been noted for her sportsmanship, interest, and ability in all of our school activities. This year Joan has shown us her splendid qualities of leadership and Branksome will always remem-

### HEAD GIRL



JOAN MITCHELL

ber the year 1939 as the year for progress. We all regret very much that Joan will not be with us next year but we wish her the best of luck at her finishing school.

Positions held: Head Girl; Honorary President of the Opheleo Society; Honorary President of Beta Kappa; Centre on First Basketball Team.



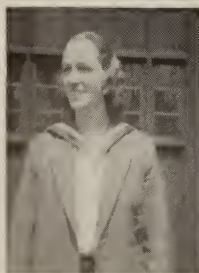
GLADYS BAALIM

Everyone knows Joyce for her happy and friendly personality. Blue mornings mean nothing to her and her cheerful smile is never erased. Joyce has always done well in both her school work and sports. As president of the Beta Kappa she has managed our annual festivities very capably. Next year the grounds of Varsity will be cheered by Joyce's beaming countenance.

Positions held: President of the Beta Kappa; Guard on the Second Basketball Team.



JOYCE CAUDWELL



HELEN FRANKS

Twelve years ago a small blond girl came to the Junior School to go through a great many classes before becoming a prefect. Throughout her whole school career Helen has always been noted for her general friendliness, Grecian beauty, and all-round ability. We shall miss you after all these years, Helen, but we wish you the best of luck next year at Varsity.

Positions held: Vice President of the Opheleo; Guard on the First Basketball Team.

**MARY GLENDINNING**

When Hoyle came to us in First Form at the age of thirteen she showed a keen enthusiasm for sports which grew greater as time went on. She stars chiefly in basketball and in the running broad jump in which she broke the school record. She has won the Senior Sports cup twice. Everyone knows Hoyle for her cheery countenance and her powers of concentration. The corridors will miss you next year, Hoyle.

Positions held: Keeper of Aggie, the alligator; Centre on First Basketball Team.

**DOROTHY HOYLE****JOY MACKINNON**

Joy came to us three years ago and in this short time has made herself worthy of a prefectship. She has always been noted for her scholarly abilities, and last year she won the Fourth Form Scholarship prize. Whenever there is pun a-flying, always take a good look for Joy. This year she has done an excellent piece of work as Editor of the Slogan. When Joy enters Varsity next fall we expect great things of her.

Positions held: Editor of the Slogan; Guard on the Second Basketball Team.

Eleanor has always been noted for her cheerfulness, love of horses, and continual readiness for fun. Whenever there is work to be done, a willing helper can always be found in Nellie. In both her games and studies she is above the average and in the latter she has carried off many prizes. We all know that when Nellie leaves B.H.S. and enters Varsity this fall she will be a success in whatever course she decides upon.

Positions held: Secretary of the Ophelo; Forward on the Third Basketball Team.

**ELEANOR REED****KAY SHIRRIFF**

One of Kay's chief characteristics has always been her well-groomed appearance. During the basketball season the players on the second team were all conscious of Kay's fighting spirit as she played for her team with the last ounce of her strength. Kay also has been known for her good all-round sportsmanship. Out of sheer kindness, Kay's ambition will not be published, but we certainly wish her the best of fun next year.

Positions held: Vice President of the Beta Kappa; Guard on the Second Basketball Team.



### DISRAELI

It all started with an announcement at prayers: "Anyone interested in taking part in the play 'Disraeli,' meet Miss Clark in the IV L class room after school!" Finally the cast was chosen as follows:

—Disraeli, Phyllis West; Charles, Viscount Deeford, Heather Forgie; Clarissa, Virginia Edwards; Mrs. Travers, Shirley Jackson; Duchess of Glastonbury, Margaret Leitch; Lord Brooke of Brookehill, Joan McPherson; Sir Michael Probert, Elizabeth Coulthard; Mr. Meyers, Helen Shearme; Foljambe, Jean Miller; Tearle, Mary Hood; Maid, Peggy Kingsmill; Lady Beaconsfield, Marjorie Meier; Lady Cudworth, Thelma Kerr; Adolphus, Lord Cudworth, Winnie Clark; Lady Brooke, Kay Whitehead.

After a number of disappointing rehearsals, came the final dress rehearsal. The whole cast were in high spirits and trying to convince themselves that they knew their lines. The first Act went fairly well but after that it was hopeless to try even to imagine what was going on on the stage. Finally Miss Clark sent us all to bed. The next day a sadder but wiser cast spent their time learning lines. Disraeli even had his hair cut to try and take the load off his mind!

Friday night arrived at last. The curtain was pulled back and the play began. Much to everyone's surprise, no-one seemed to forget her lines! It was so different from the previous Wednesday night that the play was actually a success. Disraeli "smashed the bank" and almost his voice. Not once did Probert forget the word "constitu-

tional," and Meyers remembered to appear even though Mrs. Travers had been announced by mistake. We, the cast, hope that the future actresses of Branksome have as much fun and worry with their play as we did with ours.

PHYLLIS WEST

(Clan MacGregor).

### LIBRARY DAY

The following made contributions to the library on "Library Day":

Elsbeth Abbey, Miss Armstrong, Mary Ruth Austin, Beverley Balfour, Ruth Beynon, Charmian Boothe, Gladys S. Brown, Sally Broughall, Babette Cawthra, Ann Cawthra, Joan Chalmers, June Clemes, Ann Cooling, Eleanor Coatsworth, Marion Cosford, Elizabeth Dickie, Kathleen Deacon, Miss Edmison, Joan Edmonds, Flavia Elliott, Margaret Foulds, Helen Franks, Joan Frankel, Joyce Frankel, Mrs. Hugh Gall, Mary Gall, Elizabeth Greene, Betsy Greene, Mrs. Irving C. Hall, Mary Jean Hall, Judy Hall, Allison Henry, Marilyn Hogarth, Eleanor Hogarth, Marion Hughes, Ellenor Lackie, Audrey Lyons, Gloria Lyons, Carolyn Massey, Nancy Marlow, Miss McMichael, Martha McPherson, Joan McPherson, Patricia McGeer, Joy MacKinnon, Mary Percy, Miss Read, Miss Robinson, Betty Rogers, Marjorie Rogers, Jane Rogers, Helen Shearme, Mary Scott, Aileen Stinson, Jean Stobie, Sally Spence, Ann Spence, Heather Thompson, Virginia Tory, Miss Tyrrell, Elizabeth Wardlaw, Penelope Waldie, Nancy Watson, Shirley Wells, Betty Wells, June Whitehead.





#### *CLAN CHIEFTAINS*

*M. Hood, J. Brown, W. Clarke, J. Bertram, L. McLaughlin, P. Gundy, E. Dickie,  
B. Wheelwright.*



#### *CLASS PRESIDENTS*

*P. Gundy, P. Kinnear, M. Hood, M. Holme, Z. Caudwell, M. Hall, C. Henderson, M.  
Crawford, B. Meggeson, V. Edwards, P. Purvis, J. Whitehead, N. Taylor.*



### CAROL SERVICE

The annual carol service of Branksome Hall was held in Westminster Central United Church on December 18, the candles on the communion table and the Christmas decorations adding to the impressiveness of the scene. A large congregation was present and joined in the singing of some of the carols.

The programme consisted of fourteen very lovely old carols, some of which dated from the fourteenth century. The service was brought to an end by an interesting pageant which represented Mary and Joseph at the manger; in the background were angels, some holding lilies, others trumpets symbolic of the Christmas story.

MARY GLENDINNING

(Clan Ross).



### THE HUNTSVILLE WEEK-END Branksome Hall Girls Enjoy Our Ski Trails

On Friday night when the Ski Special arrived, fifty-six joyous girls from Branksome Hall, under the supervision of Miss Read, clamoured down from the coaches and wended their way to the Travellers' Rest.

Saturday was a typical northern day and the girls spent the morning exploring the ski terrain in the vicinity of the Park. Stephen's field was rented for the afternoon, and the shouts of laughter of feminine skiers broke the still silence of the crisp Muskoka air. The day was drawn to a rousing close when the entire group attended the dance held in the auditorium during the evening.

After holding their own church services Sunday morning, the Branksomites boarded a truck and were taken to the new ski hills on the Big East River. Here the girls had lunch and sallied forth to conquer the downhill course. This was done in short order, and it wasn't very long before the shrill cry of "track" came floating down the trail, followed by the blurred form of a swiftly descending skier. It was with heavy hearts the girls returned to their hotel and prepared to leave for Toronto. At the station they said good-bye to their newly made friends, and promised faithfully to return again next year and spend another week-end amongst the snow clad hills of Huntsville.-- From the "Huntsville Forester", February 23rd, 1939.



## THE PHYSICAL TRAINING DEMONSTRATION

On Friday evening, April 28, a large number of parents and friends of the school gathered in Varsity Arena to witness our Physical Training demonstration.

The evening began with the Grand March led by the Scottish pipers, followed by the junior and senior pupils of the school marching in single file in order according to height. Bringing up the rear, bearing flags, came the Prefects, who took up their positions at the south end of the Arena. At the conclusion of the march, the National Anthem was sung.

The junior school then presented an interesting programme of gymnastics in play form, followed by tumbling exercises, games, and tap dances.

Next, a large group of senior girls presented a series of fundamental

gymnastics and folk dances which were followed by an exhibition of special gymnastics with exercises in balancing, co-ordination and jumping.

Then came the ever-popular marching tactics to music, which were well carried out and evoked great enthusiasm from the spectators.

For the finale, the Prefects with flags took up different positions on the floor, while the entire school in detachments marched in from the various entrances to the Arena, forming ever-increasing circles, moving in opposite directions around the standing figures until, at a given command, the Prefects began the march off, followed by the school in single file as they had at first entered the arena.

Everything in connection with the demonstration went off with the greatest precision and eclat. We



offer our congratulations to Miss Smellie and Miss McEvoy upon what was one of the best gymnastic displays in the history of the school.

KAY SHIRRIFF  
(Clan Douglas).

### BASKET BALL, 1938-39

First Team:

Forwards: E. Dickie, M. Scott, D. Hawkins.

Centres: J. Mitchell, D. Hoyle.

Guards: W. Clarke, L. Comstock, H. Franks.

Captain: D. Hawkins.

Second Team:

Forwards: G. Baalim, M. Greer, K. Gooderham.

Centres: K. Brydon, J. Phillips.

Guards: K. Shirriff, J. Caudwell, J. Mackinnon.

Captain: K. Shirriff.

### Games

First Team vs. B.S.S.: Won 10-6—home; lost 24-14—away.

First Team vs. Old Girls: Won 26-24—home.

First Team vs. Havergal: Lost 12-11—home; lost 18-7—away.

First Team vs. Ottawa Ladies' College: Won 45-41—away.

Second Team vs. B.S.S.: Won 21-7—home; lost 13-8—away.

Second Team vs. Old Girls: Won 34-2—home.

Second Team vs. Havergal: Won 18-8—home; won 10-8—away.

Second Team vs. O.L.C.: Won 49-16—away.

D. Hawkins,  
(Clan McLeod).

### BADMINTON

This year a new idea was put into force in connection with the badminton tournaments. In other years the tournaments had been considerably hindered by the failure of some of the girls to play off even their first games. This year the contestants were divided into three groups, A, B, and C. Each group was allotted a court at the Church. Thus there was closer competition between the players of each group, as one met only players of one's own calibre.

The singles cup was carried off by Barbara Wookey and the doubles by Barbara Wookey and Joyce Bertram. Despite what we considered a good team, and lots of practice, B.H.S. was beaten both at Havergal and B.S.S. However, we more than held our heads above water at the Badminton and Raquet Club where we came out on top.

JOYCE BERTRAM

(Clan McLeod).



## SWIMMING

This year our standing in the annual report of the Ontario Branch of the Royal Life Saving Society has been raised from 53rd place to 13th place. Between January 1st and December 31st, 1937, only twelve passed the life saving examinations, but between the same dates in 1938, seventy-four were successful. The system of cap tests for efficiency in swimming was again used. If you are a "beginner" or a "not-interested" you wear a red cap, after the first test a black one, then white, and, finally, when you have become one of the best swimmers in the School, a green cap.

Last fall an interscholastic swimming meet was held in which the four schools, Bishop Strachan, Havergal, Moulton and Branksome competed. This has helped to promote a friendly spirit between the four schools. Two swimming exhibitions were held. One took place on the night of the Parents' Meeting; the other after the Alumnae Dinner. The following girls won Life Saving awards:

### Intermediate Certificate

Margaret Abbott, Bernice Bartley, Lucy Bennett, Joan Burgess, Mary Burroughs, Portia Butt, Alice Cochrane, Barbara Cook, Margaret Earl, Betty Elton, Heather Forgie, Marjory Griffith, Jocelyn Hodge, Thelma Kerr, Pat Kinnear, Peggy McCarthy, Peggy McKelvey, Phyllis Millen, Ruth Stockdale, Sarah Symons, Margaret Wilkinson.

### Bronze Medal

Margaret Abbott, Bernice Bartley, Lucy Bennett, Mary Burroughs,

Portia Butt, Margaret Earl, Betty Elton, Marjory Griffith, Patricia Kinnear, Peggy McCarthy, Phyllis Millen, Sarah Symons, Betty Lowndes, June Terry, Diana Spencer.

### Bar to the Bronze Medal

Audrey Lyons, Suzette Livingston.

### Silver Medal

Barbara Coleman, Ruth Gibson, Nancy Dibblee, Barbara Elliott, Phyllis West.

### Second Class Instructor's Certificate

Alixé Phillips, Nancy Trees.

### First Class Instructor's Certificate

Ruth Hewetson, Helen Shearme, Joan Vanstone.

ELEANOR REED

(Clan Stewart).

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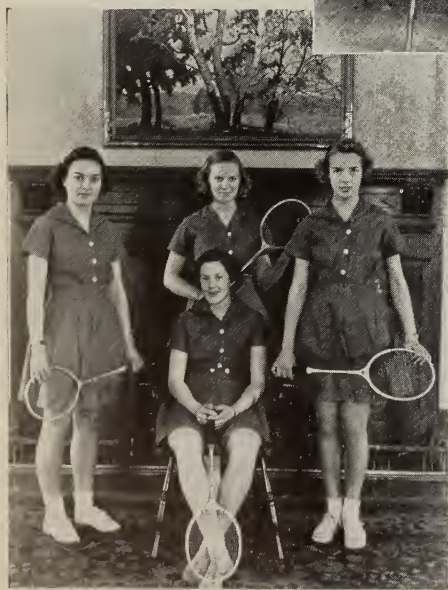
Miss Clark—"What is the similarity between people and pins?"

Student—They are both useless when they loose their heads.

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Now if you do not like these jokes,  
And their dryness makes you groan,  
Just stroll around occasionally,  
With some good ones of your own.



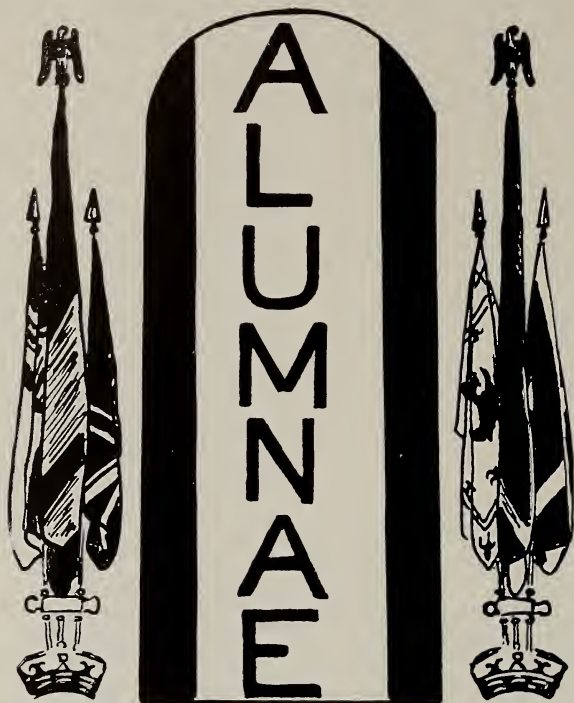
*A TENNIS TEAM**HOUSE AND  
DAY PREFECTS**A BADMINTON TEAM**THE FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM*



## Calendar, 1938-39

- Sept. 14th—House Girls enter.  
 Sept. 15th—School re-opens.  
 Sept. 16th—Gathering of the Clans.  
 Sept. 18th—Miss Cameron.  
 Sept. 20th—House picnic at farm.  
 Sept. 23rd—Initiation.  
 Sept. 30th—S w i m m i n g Meet,  
                   H.L.C., B.S.C. and B.H.  
 Oct. 2nd—Miss Cameron.  
 Oct. 3rd—Mrs. Davidson.  
 Oct. 4th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. B.S.S.  
 Oct. 7th—Thanksgiving Week-end  
                   —Don Cossacks.  
 Oct. 11th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.  
 Oct. 12th—Installation of Prefects.  
 Oct. 13th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.—  
                   Richard Crooks.  
 Oct. 14th—B. Ball, B.S.S. vs. B. H.—  
                   1938 Graduates Dinner.  
 Oct. 16th—Mrs. George Mackay.  
 Oct. 18th—B. Ball, H.L.C. vs. B.H.  
 Oct. 21st—Mordkin.  
 Oct. 24th—Scott House picnic.  
 Oct. 28th—B. Ball, B.S.S. vs. B.H.—  
                   Masquerade.  
 Oct. 30th—Clare Brown.  
 Nov. 1st—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.  
 Nov. 4th—Form IV plays. Ottawa  
                   Week-end.  
 Nov. 5th—B. Ball, B.H. vs. O.L.C.  
 Nov. 7th—Jessica Dragonette.  
 Nov. 11th—Form V plays.  
 Nov. 14th—B. Ball, H.L.C. vs. B.H.  
 Nov. 18th—Ramabai.  
 Nov. 19th—Winter Fair.  
 Nov. 21st—Alumnae Theatre Night.  
 Dec. 3rd—Headmaster's D a n c e,  
                   S.A.C.  
 Dec. 6th—Sonja Henie.  
 Dec. 18th—Carol Service.  
 Dec. 20th—School closed.
- Jan. 11th—School re-opened.  
 Jan. 13th—Ski movies.  
 Jan. 20th—French play.  
 Jan. 25th—Marian Anderson.  
 Jan. 27th—Skating Party.  
 Feb. 3rd—THE DANCE.  
 Feb. 5th—Mr. Kominsky.  
 Feb. 7th—Badminton.  
 Feb. 8th—Junior plays.  
 Feb. 10th—Week-end.  
 Feb. 18th—Huntsville.  
 Feb. 19th—Mrs. Stacey Woods.  
 Feb. 23rd—Tibbett.  
 Feb. 24th—Recital—pupil of Mr.  
                   Carman.  
 Feb. 28th—Opera—Macbeth.  
 Mar. 3rd—Disraeli.  
 Mar. 6th—Skating Carnival.  
 Mar. 9th—Nelson Eddy.  
 Mar. 18th—Hockey — Maple Leaf  
                   Gardens.  
 Mar. 24th—Talent Night—Toronto  
                   Symphony.  
 Mar. 30th—Martini.  
 Mar. 31st—Form III and II plays.  
 Apr. 5th—School closed.  
 Apr. 18th—School re-opened.  
 Apr. 22nd—Alumnae Dinner.  
 Apr. 23rd—Miss Becker.  
 Apr. 24th—Major Ney.  
 Apr. 28th—Gym. Display.  
 May 5th—Marionettes.  
 May 9th—Philadelphia Symphony  
                   Orchestra.  
 May 12th—Form I plays.  
 May 19th—Week-end.  
 May 26th—Strawberry Festival.  
 June 2nd—Swimming Competition.  
 June 11th—Closing Service.  
 June 12th—Prize Giving.





It is with much pleasure that I present the Secretary's Report of the Branksome Hall Alumnae Association for the year 1938-39.

Three executive meetings were held to formulate plans for the year. The first one being September twenty-ninth, when our President, Mary Hanna Hall, entertained the executive at luncheon at her home.

On November first a tea was held at the School. A large number of girls attended and, after being received by Miss Read and the President, they enjoyed meeting old friends over a cup of tea and contributed generously to a silver collection which was used to buy materials for layettes and toddlers' clothes.

Fourteen sewing meetings were held during the year under the able

direction of Daisy Robertson Gall and much work was accomplished.

It had been decided to hold a Theatre Night to augment our scholarship fund. Monday night, November twenty-first was chosen, the play being "Miss Black Sheep", produced by the Dramatic Club of the University of Toronto Alumnae Association.

Miss Read's annual dinner for the alumnae was held April twenty-second. The following toasts were proposed: The King, by Miss Read; The School, proposed by Elsie Woods, replied to by Clare Brown; the Alumnae Association, proposed by Joan Mitchell, replied to by Gladys Billings Ireland; The Graduating Class, by Mizpah Sussex Lithgow, responded to by Dorothy Hoyle. Miss Read made a delightful

speech and a few members of the Staff spoke, telling us of the various changes in the curriculum of the School.

At the end of the dinner the annual meeting of the Alumnae was held. It was moved by Louise Maclellan Whitehead, and seconded by Elsie Woods, that the Minutes of last year be accepted as read. The Secretary read this year's report and proposed its adoption, which was seconded by Katharine Boyd. The Treasurer's report was read by Mary Wardlaw. Donalda Macleod, the convenor of the Nominating Committee, then read a list of names suggested for election by the committee. It was proposed by Janet Gibson Van Every that these nominations stand. Following are the officers for next season:—

Honorary President.—Miss Read.

President — Margaret Maclellan Smythe.

1st Vice-President—Mary Wardlaw .

2nd Vice-President—Shirley McEvoy.

Secretary—Nan Gooch Hutchinson.

Treasurer—Pamela Pearse.

Sewing Convenor—Daisy Robertson Gall.

Social Convenor—Mary Hanna Hall.

Slogan Representative — Ainslie McMichael.

Executive — Muriel Bicknell Keachie, Primrose Mabon Philp, Delphine Burr Keens, Joan Mitchell, Isabel Adams McIntosh, Gladys Billings Ireland and Beatrice Martin Calvert.

Our retiring President, Mary Hanna Hall, then made a speech in which she thanked the various members of the committee for their help during the past two years. On behalf of the Alumnae Association the President presented a gold thimble to Daisy Robertson Gall as a slight token of appreciation of the work she is doing as sewing convenor.

One of the present girls, Joan Hutchinson, a daughter of an Old Girl then danced for us and an exhibition of swimming was given in the pool.

Under the capable direction of Pamela Pearse members of the Alumnae acted as ushers at the Physical Training Demonstration held in the Varsity Arena, April twenty-eighth.

The School's annual Prize Giving is to be held in Westminster Central Church, Monday, June twelfth, at two forty-five o'clock, followed by a Garden Party at the School. All members of the Alumnae are invited.

GLADYS SIMPSON BROWN,  
Secretary.



In January Miss Read went to Cleveland to attend Janet Garfield Brown's wedding. While there she saw a number of Old Girls, Millicent Raymond, who was one of Janet's bridesmaids, Mildred Winslow, Sally Tod Devereux, Elizabeth Ann Tanner, Edith Ely and Ida May Groll. At Easter Miss Read motored to Richmond, Virginia, while there she drove to Norfolk and had luncheon with Muriel Moore Bragg.

Mary Becker, Mary Harrison and Jean Loblaw graduate from Varsity this June, while Mary Graham graduates from Queen's. During Mary's course she was granted the Nathan Dupuis scholarship in mathematics. Muriel Armstrong is another of this year's graduates, her college being McGill. The following are in their first year, University of Toronto:—Marjorie Schuch, Jean Allen, Mary Walker, Joan Tamblyn, Elizabeth Callow, Marion Dietrich, Betty Pauline and Jean Robertson at University College. Joan Franks, Margaret Harrison and Nancy Tyrrell at Trinity and Margaret Parks at Victoria. Jean Stirling is taking the Diploma Course in Physical Education and Barbara Waite is enrolled in the School of Nursing. Mary Hill, Helen McCormick, Mary Bankier, Sheila Sprague and Errol Grosch are attending McMaster; Rosemary Sheppard and Shirley Liddicot are at Queen's; Barbara Martin and Josephine Taylor are at McGill and Alice Edward is taking the Household Science course at Western. Barbara Parker is at Columbia, Barbara Spencer at Radcliffe



while Eleanor Willard is at Bradford College, Bradford, Mass. Margaret Kroehle is attending Bryn Mawr and Jean Campbell, Vassar. Helen Andrews is attending Edgewood Park School and Diana Phillips is at school in England. Patricia Gibbons, who has been at school in Paris, had a delightful trip at Easter visiting the chateaux of the Loire.

Elsie Halnan graduated in medicine, June, 1938, and Jane Morgan completed her course in the Mothercraft School of Nursing in January. Helen Turner and Louise Jamieson graduate from the Wellesley Hospital this summer.

Catherine Bryans and Anna Marie Smart were on the senior basketball team of University College which won the finals against Victoria in December. Jean Stirling played on the junior team for Victoria, while Nancy Tyrrell made the junior team of St. Hilda's. Betty Hagmeier was a member of the cast of the "Red and White Review" one of the most important of McGill's college functions.

Ora Forster went to Columbia last summer on a scholarship and took a course in the graduate study in Employment for Handicapped People. Nora Conklin was one of seven Canadians to win a fellowship at the Juillard School of Music, New York City.

Irla Mueller is at the New York School of Interior Decoration and Trudean Spencer is taking a course at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.

Charlotte Abbott obtained the degree of Bachelor of Library Science last June. Joan Romeyn was granted her M.A. degree the same month. She is on the staff of the Chemistry Department, University of Toronto and recently was granted the diploma of the Royal Life Saving Society, their highest award.

Florena Cramp is President of the Kirkland Lake Branch of the Queen's University Alumni Association.

Margaret Mickle is attending the Ontario College of Education, Gwynneth Sinclair is teaching at the Technical School and Jean Gordon is teaching shorthand at the Cassan System School. Marjorie Eastbury and Margaret Steele are taking a course in dress designing and the following are attending Shaw's Business College: Jean Peacock, Helen Ackerman, Donald Macleod, Jean Hendry and Mary Jane Waterman.

Mary Gooderham is president of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity. Margaret Sorenson attended the Delta Gamma sorority convention in Colorado Springs last June and returned to Toronto via Vancouver. Audrey Piddington was a delegate to the biennial convention of the Alpha Phi International Fraternity which was held in Toronto in March. Marion Baillie Green was chosen to represent the Junior League of Toronto on the board of the Federation for Community Service, in January. Jane Lumbers gives her services to the Opportunity Shop of the Junior League. Margaret Withers is connected with the medical clinic of this same

organization and is provisional advertising manager of "The Key", the Junior League magazine. Elinor Williams Lind is publicity agent for their dramatic productions and Helen Lawson Bongard was one of the "runners up" for the Junior League Badminton tournament held in March. Alice Anderson sailed in April for England en route to Canada for a year's furlough from the Mission Hospital, Indore, India. Mary Anderson, who has been connected with the Y.W.C.A. in Regina, has resigned her position and will be home this summer. Pauline Lea is a nursery school worker at the Victoria Street creche and Eleanor Rising has been doing social service work in connection with the University Settlement.

Margery Busteed is running a shopping service in Vancouver. Grace Wheelwright has a position with the Howard Smith Paper Co., and Eunice Plant is doing secretarial work at the head office of the Canadian Pacific Express Co. Margaret Farmer is with Sears, Roebuck Co., Chicago, and Olga Burden has a position in a lawyer's office, St. John's Newfoundland. Dora Fox is secretary of the Women's Art Association and Mary McLeod is in her father's office at Lacombe, Alta. Ruth Corrigan and Barbara Caulfield have positions with the T. Eaton Co., Toronto and Marjorie Preston is in the book department of this company's Winnipeg store. Rosamund Wylie is with the Robert Simpson Co. Phyllis Pinder has a job in her father's shop and goes to New York this autumn to take a course in the salesmanship of cosmetics. Mary Gibson and a friend have a dress shop in Toronto's Greenwich Village and Barbara Thomas is with a radio advertising firm, New York City. Maude Lacy is dietician in Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio. Gladys Rankin and Jean Turnbull have positions in doctors' offices. Margaret Austin is on the staff of "Vogue", New York City. Ruth Carlyle is a physiotherapist in the Moose Jaw hospital.

Catherine Davison Rooke, Diana Boone Guinness and Bernice Andrews Bickford are living in England, Catherine in Birmingham, Diana in London and Bernice in Ripon, Yorkshire. Betty Clancey Petersen, Ilma Dunfield Van Boven and Olive Clemons Evans have recently joined the Montreal Alumnae. Margaret Burkholder Hilliard may be addressed Nelson, B.C., while Peggy Turnbull Jukes is living in Cartagena, South America. Norah Elliot Fletcher has come from Halifax to live in Toronto and Kathleen White Gillanders comes from London to live in the Ontario metropolis. Laura Stone Bradfield is also making Toronto her home. Virginia Copping Wilson is living in St. Catharines, Barbara Wright Fowlds is in Campbellford while Margaret McKay Little has chosen Wardsville as a place of residence. Doris Neale Fredy has gone to New York to live. Claude Barton Day is living in Kingston, Dorothy Wilson Ferrier in Brantford and Elaine Ellsworth Holton in Burlington, while Janet Garfield Brown is in Detroit. Margaret Stafford Dean may be addressed Noranda, P.Q., and Dorothy Stafford, who spent the last two years in a Toronto office,

has a position in her home town of Lethbridge. Betty Sparks Harrison, who has been living in Newfoundland, returned to Toronto in April where she will reside. Margaret McLeod Wilton is living in Kenora while Dorothy Adams Ronald is domiciled in Winnipeg. Phyllis Vanderberg Thomas calls Oakland, California, home. Anita McLean Herbert has joined the Toronto Alumnae. Margaret Heather Pennel is in England where her husband, who is a doctor, is doing post graduate work. Betty Byers is also in London studying ballet.

Mary McLean, who obtained her M.A. degree last spring, went to Australia in July as secretary of the Canadian delegation of the British Commonwealth Relations, the meetings being held in Sydney. Ida Burchell visited Australia at the same time.

Viola Cameron is maritime secretary of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship with headquarters in Halifax, and Clare Brown is the women's secretary of the Student Christian Movement at the University of Toronto.

Molly Sclater, A.T.C.M., is a member of the faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Kathleen O'Flynn gave a most successful piano recital in May at this same centre of music.

Two members of our Alumnae have been having interesting experiences in countries which have been overrun by foreign soldiery, Roma Wilson Knapp in Albania and Catherine McBurney Baker-Carr in China. Roma, whose husband is an American, and her family took refuge in the American Legation. Catherine had a trip through northern China and Mongolia and settled in Canton shortly before the outbreak of hostilities. She and her baby were evacuated aboard a warship but returned, to what was left of their home, after things quieted down a bit.

Elsie Woods was re-elected regent of the Lady Tweedsmuir Chapter, I.O.D.E., at the annual meeting of the chapter held in February. Inez Ante is treasurer, Jean McIntosh is educational secretary and Arnold Gooderham Willoughby is on the advisory committee of this chapter. Eleanor Ross Stewart was in town in May for the annual meeting of the Girl Guide Association, she is divisional captain for Barrie.

Janet Rally is secretary-treasurer of the St. Hilda's Dramatic Society; in November, "Hay Fever" was produced with Sherry Bond as a member of the cast.

Lorna McLean Sheard, who founded the Physical Theatre Course of the Montreal Theatre School, has been holding classes in Toronto this winter.

Ann Ogden Morris had an interesting twenty-five hundred mile trip last summer through Mexico and the United States with her husband, who is interested in colour photography. They visited national parks and did geological and historical research. Betty McNeely was in town in January and returned to Vancouver by way of Florida and California. Margaret Eaton spent the winter abroad and Helen Dorfman went to



Europe for a couple of months in January. In the same month Kathleen Hair sailed to spend some weeks on the Italian and French Riviera and returned to town in April. Alice Blackstock went to Scotland in February, and Audrey Banks, Betty Flavelle, Esther McWaters, Jane and Ruth Wilson, Aileen Winslow, Wynifred Gray Goodeve and Haldane spent some weeks in the South. Mary Barker motored to Florida at Easter. Norma Gagnon obtained leave of absence from her school and passed the winter in California. Pauline Stanbury Woolworth wintered in San Domingo. Aileene Marks visited Mexico and returned to Toronto via the Panama Canal and California. Catherine Morden came back to town in April after a year spent in England.

Lois Coryell Gray and Audrey Lanskail were two of Eleanor Watt Lanskail's bridesmaids. Mary Gibson Broughall had as her maid-of-honour Winnifred Gibson and her bridesmaids were Margaret Henderson Corrigan, Keith Kerr Cameron and Ruth Beatson. Cynthia Copping Crookston was Virginia Copping Wilson's matron-of-honour and Ruth and Jane Wilson, Mary Kingsmill and Peggy Waldie were bridesmaids. Grace Wheelwright accompanied Peggy McCordick Corbett up the aisle and Margaret Speers did the same for Margaret McKay Little. Margaret Eaton, Helen Richardson Stearns and Eleanor Lyle were three of Nora Eaton Van der Stricht's bridesmaids, while Evelyn Cluff performed the same office for Doris Neale Fredy.

Betty Naylor, Jean Hanna Allward and Mary Elizabeth Gall recently became Life Members of the Alumnae. The daughters of Grace Ryrie Chisholm, Ethel Walker Vanstone, Marion Jardine Rogers, Betty King Smith Cassels and Elizabeth Coulthard Forgie are this year's additions to the day school and the daughter of the late Lorna Warren Clemes is in the residence. The sisters of Helen Conway and Jean Leitch are in residence and Eleanor Hughes and Joan Marlow send sisters who are day pupils. Catherine Hyde Phin contributes a niece who is also in the day school.

The following out of town Old Girls visited the school: Jocelyn McWilliams, Ora Forster, Betty White, Mary Bates, Virginia Piers, Trudean Spencer, Barbara Spencer, Momiji Ubukata Fujinami, Chika Ubukata Nicolau, Elizabeth MacGregor Rodenheiser, Margaret Cragg, Megan McNaughton, Barbara Wright Fowlds, Olga Burden, Marjorie McLaughlin Sharpe, Haldane Goodeve, Margaret Speers, Elizabeth Brydon Dickson, Barbara Parker, Jean Fleck Barclay, Alice LePan.

## Marriages

Ursula White to Duncan Noble, April.  
Isabel Lundy to Stanley B. Fulton, April 30th.  
Betty Clancey to Harold V. Petersen, May 28th.  
Catherine Cleghorn to Frank A. McHardy-Smith, May 28th.  
Norah Elliot to Francis Esten Fletcher, May 28th.  
Mary Lindsay to Frederick H. Johnston, June 1st.  
Eleanor Watt to Rufus Davis Lanskail, June 2nd.  
Alfreda Lavelle to John B. Shortly, June 4th.  
Kathryn Tait to Willson S. Howard, Jr., June 4th.  
Marion Templeton to Henry H. Mitchell, June 4th.  
Carol Thompson to John Stewart Gerald, June 4th.  
Willo Love to Russell Horsfall, June 8th.  
Virginia Copping to John Thos. Wilson, June 11th.  
Barbara Wright to Henry Martin Fowlds, June 11th.  
Diana Boone to Anthony W. Guinness, June 15th.  
Mary Gibson to Geo. Mitchell Broughall, June 18th.  
Jean Coram to Jas. Graham Haines, June 25th.  
Norah Cutten to Jas. Wallace Biggar, June 25th.  
Patricia Daniell to Ronald R. A. MacLean, June 25th.  
Muriel Harold to John Perdue Pickell, June 25th.  
Marion MacGregor to Donald Ian Green, June 25th.  
Margaret Heather to George Pennal, June 29th.  
Margaret McKay to Jas. George Little, July 2nd.  
Jean MacLaurin to John D. Precious, July 9th.  
Margaret Burkholder to Rev. Foster Hilliard, July 14th.  
Mary Stewart to A. J. D. Steenstra-Toussaint, July 19th.  
Betty Russell to Wm. A. Burkhart, Aug. 6th.  
Louise Spencer to Kenneth John Newbury, Aug. 24th.  
Peggy Turnbull to Hamilton D. Jukes, Aug. 27th.  
Kathleen Morton to Jack McCahill, Aug.  
Helen Bell to Norman Wright Smith, Aug.  
Katherine MacAdam to Earl F. Beach, Sept. 3rd.  
Rosalind Dilworth to Clayton M. Williams, Sept. 5th.  
Peggy McCordick to Dawson F. B. Corbett, Sept. 10th.  
Mary Mitchell to Frederick Robt. Laughton, Sept. 11th.  
Margaret McLeod to John Wilton, Sept. 12th.  
Margaret McPherson to Chas. H. Harvey, Sept. 15th.  
Helen Stevens to M. C. Nixon, Sept. 17th.  
Elisabeth Saunderson to Harold P. Conner, Sept. 21st.  
Lillian Kribs to Peter Stuart MacKenzie, Sept. 24th.  
Gwynneth Darling to Eric L. Miller, Sept. 30th.  
Olive Clemons to Beverley Evans, Sept.  
Nora Eaton to Paul R. van der Stricht, Oct. 1st.

Keith Kerr to John L. Cameron, Oct. 1st.  
 Dorothy Wilson to Dr. Geo. C. Ferrier, Oct. 1st.  
 Ilma Dunfield to Frederick A. E. Van Boven, Oct. 15th.  
 Elizabeth Atkinson to Geo. Edgar Wilson, Oct. 19th.  
 Margaret Follett to Benjamin G. Burke, Oct. 22nd.  
 Joan Hannay Cummings to Douglas C. Ross, Oct.  
 Katherine Plaunt to Dr. Robt. MacKay Thomson, Oct.  
 Phyllis van der Berg to David Bassett Thomas, Oct.  
 Doris Neale to Richard B. Fredy, Nov. 7th.  
 Dorothy Magee to Lester G. Bowles, Nov. 12th.  
 Dorothy Edwards to Dwight Nelson Chapin, Nov. 19th.  
 Betty Wheler to Marshall A. Robinson, Nov. 19th.  
 Claude Barton to Laurence Wm. Day, Nov. 26th.  
 Margaret Cragg to Ronald G. Skinner, Nov.  
 Elaine Ellsworth to William Holton, Dec. 3rd.  
 Ruth Hindmarsh to Norman A. Folland, Dec. 3rd.  
 Sybil Croll to C. J. A. Halliwell, Dec. 29th.  
 Janet Garfield to Alex. Cushing Brown, Jr., Jan. 2nd.  
 Jean Robertson to Dr. Lionel T. Armstrong, Feb. 3rd.  
 Ruth Coram to Tom Hammond Taylor, Feb. 4th.  
 Jean Harris to Cleeve Horne, Feb. 13th.  
 Dorothy Elliott to Wing Commander G. E. Brookes, Feb. 16th.  
 Joyce Tedman to Hector M. Howell, Feb. 18th.  
 Margaret Trott to Alan N. Pope, March 14th.  
 Dorothy Mackechnie to John R. Wright, April 22nd.  
 Lois Walker to Wm. Manly Mark, April 22nd.  
 Clara Enge to Hans Oltmann Niemann, April.  
 Bernice Andrews to Richard Bickford, April 27th.  
 Bernice Ducoffe to Dexter Levy, May 7th.  
 Ethel Tweddell to Geo. Bliss Cartmel, May.

## Births

Marjorie Macdonnell Borncant, a son, May 6th.  
 Trudie Green Munro, a son, May 31st.  
 Justine Campbell Richardson, a son, June 1st.  
 Helen Holmes Broughall, a daughter, June 6th.  
 Miriam Walters Gentles, a daughter, June 7th.  
 Mercie Carrick Moore, a son, June 9th.  
 Marion McLaren Armstrong, a son, June 16th.  
 Alexandrina Donald Smith, a daughter, June 18th.  
 Helen McLennan Sutherland, a daughter, June.  
 Katheline Carpenter Egner, a son, July 3rd.



Bey Boyd Knight, a son, July 12th.  
Frances Clark Boeckh, a son, July 13th.  
Marjorie Gordon Smith, a daughter, July 16th.  
Hilda Huestis MacDuffee, a daughter, July 28th.  
Elizabeth Osborne Jennings, a son, July 29th.  
Wilma Bate Smith, a son, July 29th.  
Ruby Joe Cannon Richardson, a son, July 30th.  
Phyllis Cook Carlisle, a son, Aug. 1st.  
Lilias Ralston Hawke, a son, Aug. 2nd.  
Elinor Bone Weir, a son, Aug. 3rd.  
Margaret Henderson Tarr, a son, Aug. 18th.  
Gretchen Heyd Hancock, a son, Aug. 21st.  
Eleanor Wilson Reid, a daughter, Aug. 25th.  
Barbara George Pearson, a son, Aug. 28th.  
Dorothy Apedaile Wyllie, a daughter, Aug.  
Virginia Gundy Whitely, a daughter, Sept. 3rd.  
Katherine Dean Cathers, a daughter, Sept. 29th.  
Betty Corrigan Lee, a son, Oct. 7th.  
Peggy Hanna Griffiths, a son, Oct. 10th.  
Claudia Engholm Landon, a son, Oct. 23rd.  
Marjorie Bone Walwyn, a daughter, Oct. 24th.  
Evelyn Darling Tarbox, a daughter, Oct. 24th.  
Corrie Cowie Barber, a son, Oct. 31st.  
Jean Hanna Allward, a daughter, Nov. 6th.  
Ella Lumbers Gibson, a son, Nov. 7th.  
Ruth Ryan Russell, a daughter, Nov. 28th.  
Phyllis Shepard McFeat, a daughter, Nov.  
Helen Findlay Plaxton, a son, Dec. 4th.  
Lois Coryell Gray, a daughter, Dec. 9th.  
Margaret Robertson Campbell, a son, Dec. 16th.  
Esther Outerbridge Joell, a son, Dec. 16th.  
Barbara Lee Parker, a daughter, Dec. 23rd.  
Isabel Kastner MacMahon, a son, Dec. 29th.  
Katherine Anderson Selby, a daughter, Jan. 4th.  
Kathleen Gillies Harris, a daughter, Jan. 5th.  
Ruth Bothwell Wansborough, a daughter, Feb. 20th.  
Mary Gibson Broughall, a daughter, Feb. 24th.  
Katherine Aitken Lloyd, a son, March 6th.  
Mildred Mahood Thomson, a daughter, March 8th.  
Willo Love Horsfall, a son, March 16th.  
Mary Foster Gorman, a son, March 17th.  
Donna Campbell Murray, a daughter, March 19th.  
Evelyn Davis Binkley, a daughter, March 20th.  
Katherine Scott West, a daughter, March 25th.  
Dorothy Grant Henderson, a daughter, March 31st.

Elizabeth Ramsay Cumpston, a son, April 4th.  
Kathleen Wilson Leslie, a son, April 10th.  
Louise Spencer Newberry, a daughter, April 12th.  
Marion Cates Hamilton, a son, April 21st.  
Eleanor Cutcliffe Brook, a son, May 11th.  
Georgina Carman Bryden, a son, May 11th.

## Deaths

Rev. Dr. Murdoch MacKenzie, husband of Stella Fleming MacKenzie,  
July 8th.  
C. Powell Bell, husband of Kathleen Harding Bell, Nov. 7th.  
Othmar Wallace Ross, husband of Agnes McGhie Ross, Nov. 15th.  
John David, son of Helen Findlay Plaxton, Feb. 2nd.  
Frederick O. Mitchell, husband of Alma Skinner Mitchell, April 16th.

## Staff

### Births

To Rev. and Mrs. Donald Sinclair (Miss Mary Jones), twin daughters,  
Jan. 22nd.

### Marriages

Miss Margaret Roseborough to Mr. William Stobie, August.  
Miss Christine Elmslie to Mr. Dudley F. Waller, Dec. 17th.

## In Memoriam

Kathleen Baird Robertson, July 6th.  
Ethel Goldstein Burns, Sept. 13th.  
Juliette Morin King, Jan. 8th.  
Christine Cranston, Feb. 19th.

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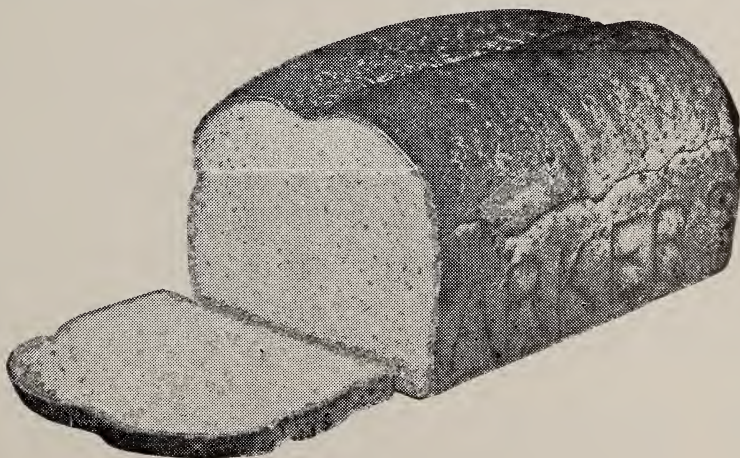
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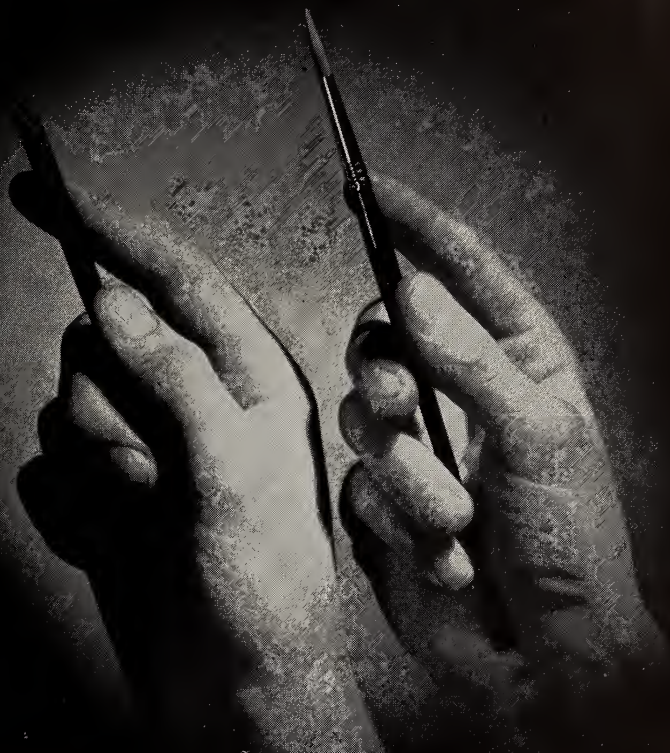
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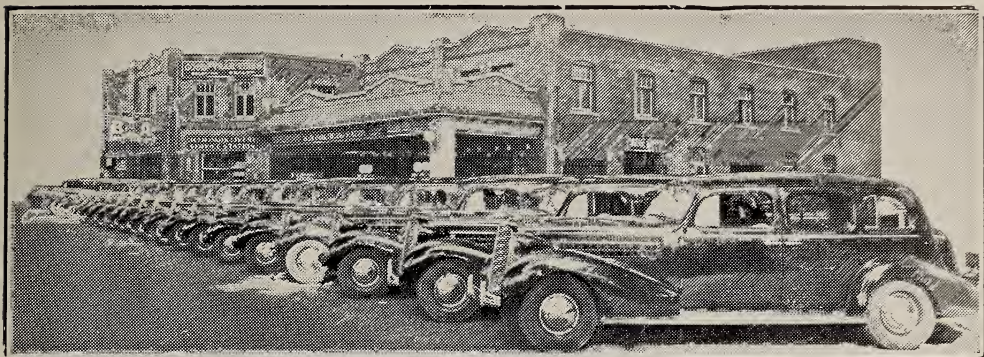
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